Mari. Thou ſayeſt true yfaith, ſo they muſt, for your Bride goes to that with ſhame, which is her way to goe with warrant.

Boult. Faith ſome doe, and ſome doe not, but Miſtreſſe if I haue bargaind for the ioynt.

Bawd. Thou maiſt cut a morſell off the ſpit.

Boult. I may ſo.

Bawd. Who ſhould denie it?
Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. I by my faith, they ſhall not be changd yet.

Bawd. Boult, ſpend thou that in the towne: report what a ſoiourner wee haue, youle looſe nothing by cuſtome.
When Nature framde this peece, ſhee meant thee a good turne therefore ſay what a parragon ſhe is, and thou haſt the harueſt out of thine owne report.

Boult. I warrant you Miſtreſſe, thunder ſhall not ſo awake the beds of Eeles, as my giuing out her beautie ſtirs vp the lewdly enclined, Ile bring home ſome to night.

Bawd. Come your wayes, follow me.

Mari. If fires be hote, kniues ſharpe, or waters deepe,
Vntide I ſtill my virgin knot will keepe.
Diana ayde my purpoſe.

Bawd. What haue we to doe with *Diana*, pray you will you goe with vs.

Exit.

¶ *Enter Cleon, and Dioniza.*

Dion. Why ere you fooliſh, can it be vndone?

Cleon. O *Dioniza*, ſuch a peece of ſlaughter,
The Sunne and Moone nere looke vpon.

Dion. I thinke youle turne a childe agen.

Cle.

Cleon. Were I chiefe Lord of all this ſpacious world, Ide giue it to vndoe the deede. O Ladie much leſſe in blood then vertue, yet a Princes to equall any ſingle Crowne ath earthith iuſtice of compare, O villaine, *Leonine* whom thou haſt poyſoned too, if thou hadſt drunke to him tad beene a kindneſſe becomming well thy face, what canſt thou ſay, when noble *Pericles* ſhall demaund his child.

Dion. That ſhee is dead. Nurſes ar not the fates to foſter it, not euer to preſer, ſhe dide at night, Ile ſay ſo, who can croſſe it vnleſſe you play the impious Innocent, and for an honeſt attribute, cry out ſhee dyde by foule play.

Cle. O goe too, well, well, of all the faults beneath the heauens, the Gods doe like this worſt.

Dion. Bee one of thoſe that thinkes the pettie wrens of *Tharſus* will flie hence, and open this to *Pericles*, I do ſhame to thinke of what a noble ſtraine you are, and of how coward a ſpirit.

Cle. To ſuch proceeding who euer but his approbation added, though not his prince conſent, he did not flow from honourable courſes.

Dion. Bee it ſo then, yet none does know but you how ſhee came dead, nor none can knowe *Leonine* being gone. Shee did diſdaine my childe, and ſtoode betweene her and her fortunes: none woulde looke on her, but caſt their gazes on *Marinas* face, whileſt ours was blurted at, and helde a Mowkin not worth the time of day. It pierſt mee thorow, and though you call my courſe vnnaturall, you not your childe well louing, yet I finde it greets mee as an enterprize of kindneſſe performd to your ſole daughter.

Cle. Heauens forgiue it.

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, what ſhould he ſay, wee wept after her hearſe, and yet we mourne, her monument is almoſt finiſhed, and her epitaphs in glitterind golden characters expres